

# STARBLAZER

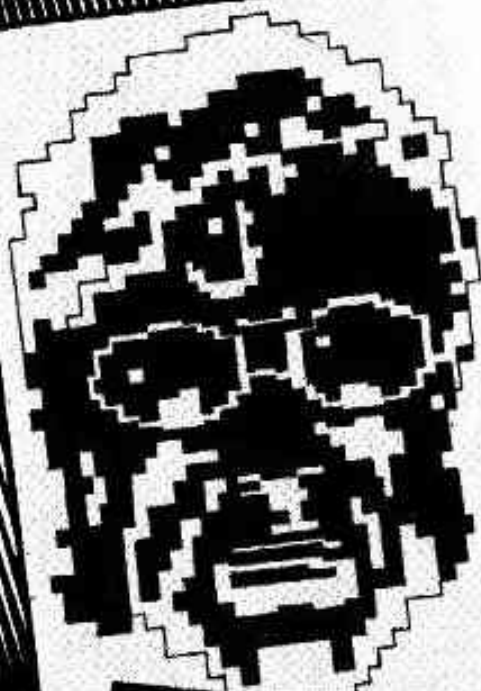
SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 167

24p



**MIND  
BENDER**

ARBLAZER... STARBLAZER... STARBLA



REPUBLIC OF UNITED WORLDS.

MIKAL R. KAYN

CODE 83-32-00.

EXPIRY DATE: JUNE 85.

NOT VALID UNLESS SIGNED

Mikal R. Kayn

LICENCE 10":742"...61":  
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.

**MIKAL R. KAYN WAS SURPRISED WHEN HE RECEIVED A CALL FROM THE UNITED WORLDS' POLICE. AFTER ALL, THEY HAD GOT RID OF HIM. HE WAS EVEN MORE SURPRISED WHEN HE WAS FORCED TO SIGN THE OFFICIAL SECRETS ACT BEFORE ANY EXPLANATION WAS GIVEN. KAYN'S SURPRISE GAVE WAY TO BEWILDERMENT WHEN HE HEARD THE REASON. ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT HE HAD BEEN EMPLOYED TO DO A JOB INVOLVING THE ARMED FORCES AND DIDN'T KNOW WHO TO TRUST — NOT EVEN HIMSELF.**

# MINDBENDER

I'M MIKAL R. KAYN AND THE AUTHORITIES HAD ME WORRIED.  
THEY SENT A CASE TAPE, SOME PRESENTATION OR  
SOMETHING . . .





AND TO PRESENT THEM WITH OUR GREATEST  
HONOUR — THE HERCULES CLUSTER MEDAL FOR  
BRAVERY.



BUT BEFORE THE PRESIDENT HAD  
FINISHED —



DOWN! THE FIGHTER'S  
GONE BERSERK!











HE HIT THE COOLING VENTS WHICH LED  
DIRECTLY TO THE FIGHTER'S ENGINE.

THE FIGHTER CAREERED ACROSS VICTORY SQUARE.





THE TWO MEN INVOLVED IN THE  
PRESIDENT'S ESCAPE ARE  
LIEUTENANT MORRISON AND  
ENSIGN TALBOT . . .



. . . BOTH OF WHOM PLAYED A  
DECISIVE ROLE IN 'OPERATION  
SCORCHED EARTH' — THE SUICIDE  
ATTACK ON THE HAROHIN ENEMY  
WAR STATION.



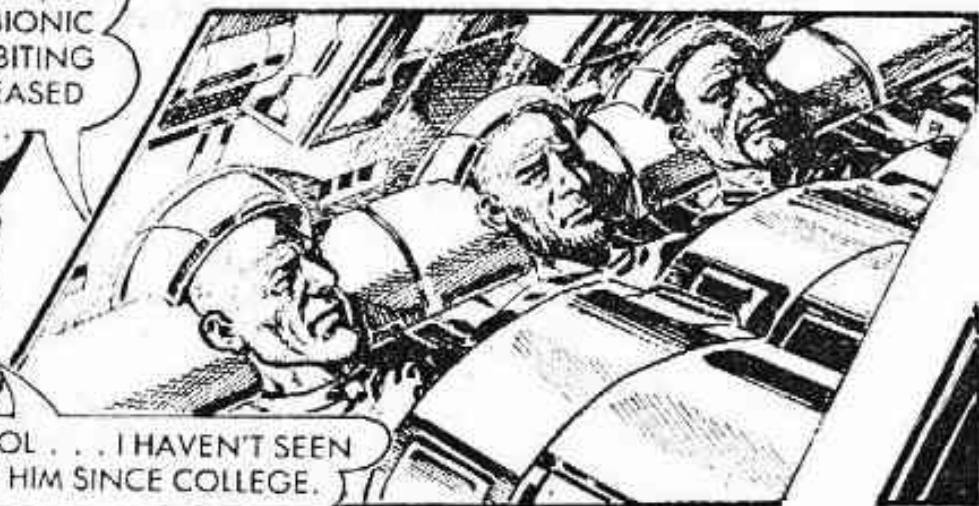
THEIR SUCCESSFUL SABOTAGE PUT AN END TO BOTH THE LONG WAR AND THE TYRANNICAL HAROHIN RACE ITSELF, WHOSE SEVERAL HUNDRED LAST REMNANTS WERE ABOARD THE WAR STATION WHEN IT WAS DESTROYED.



A THIRD MEMBER, POL LOGAN, IS CURRENTLY UNDERGOING BIONIC SURGERY ON THE SIRIUS ORBITING HOSPITAL AND MAY BE RELEASED LATER THIS MONTH . . .

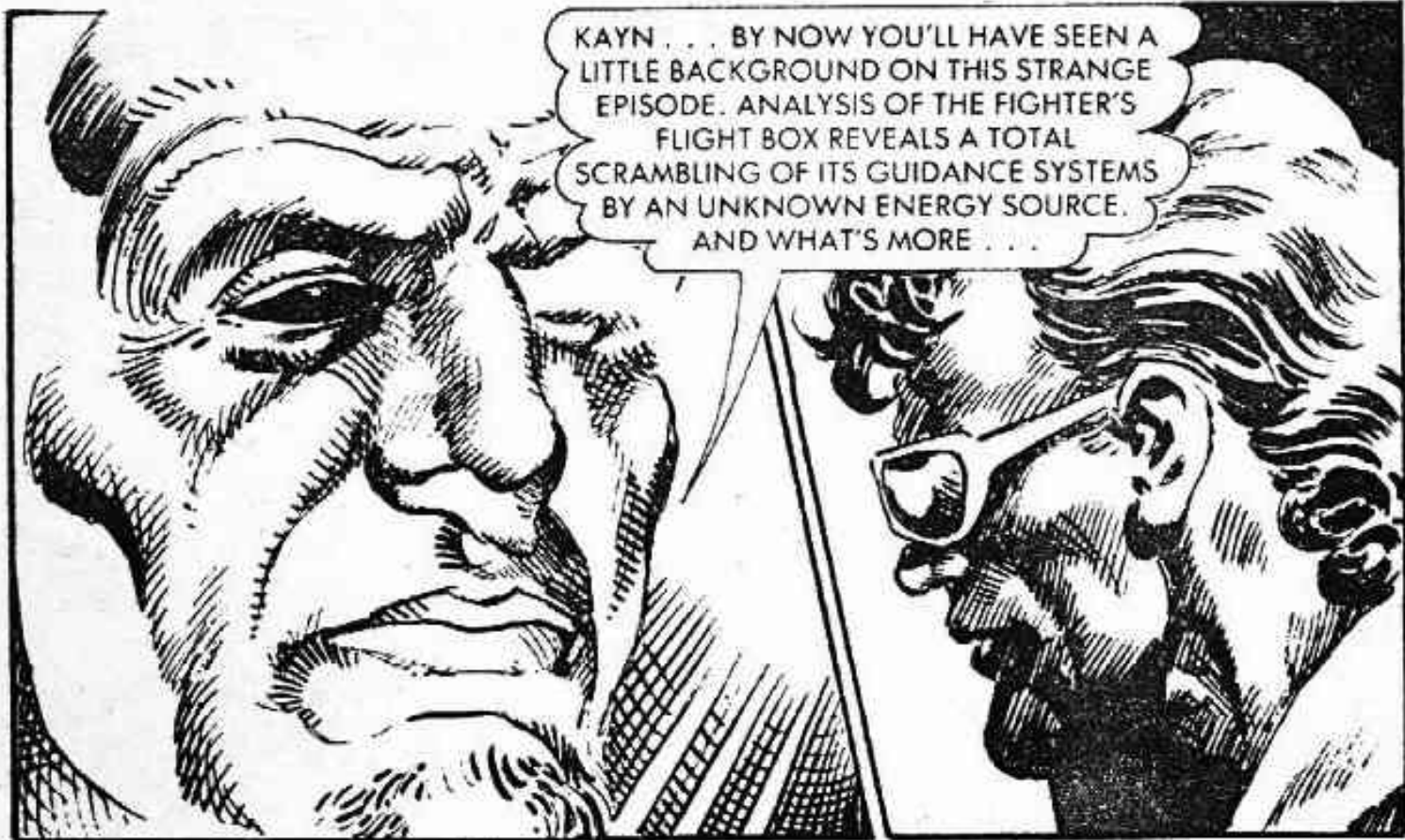


POL . . . I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE COLLEGE.





KAYN . . . BY NOW YOU'LL HAVE SEEN A  
LITTLE BACKGROUND ON THIS STRANGE  
EPISODE. ANALYSIS OF THE FIGHTER'S  
FLIGHT BOX REVEALS A TOTAL  
SCRAMBLING OF ITS GUIDANCE SYSTEMS  
BY AN UNKNOWN ENERGY SOURCE.  
AND WHAT'S MORE . . .



. . . THE FIGHTER PILOT WAS DEAD BEFORE  
HIS MACHINE WENT ON THE RAMPAGE.



I KNOW YOU'LL BE WONDERING  
WHY YOU WERE CALLED. THE FACT  
IS THAT APART FROM MORRISON  
AND TALBOT, NOBODY IN THE  
ARMED SERVICES IS ABOVE  
SUSPICION.



AND I AM?



KAYN . . . I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT WE'RE PICKING UP A DISTRESS SIGNAL FROM THE SIRIUS ORBITING HOSPITAL. IT'S GETTING WEAKER. LISTEN . . .

NEED HELP . . . QUICKLY . . .  
MAYDAY . . . THE MACHINES . . . DOZENS  
DEAD . . . HELP USSSSZZZ CHRZZZZ  
ZZZ . . .

THEN THE VOICE, EVERYTHING DISSOLVED INTO A LITTLE SCREAMING DOT . . .

THE PRES  
FLICKERED BACK  
ONTO THE SCREEN —

GET DOWN TO THE SPACEPORT AND I'LL  
ARRANGE TO HAVE AN ARMED CRUISER  
WAITING FOR YOU!



HALF A UNIT LATER, THE CRUISER WAS ON ITS WAY.

IT'S A GOOD SHIP. I JUST PRAY IT'S  
GOING TO BE FAST ENOUGH.

THE SHIP PHASED INTO HYPERSPACE, AND LIGHT YEARS  
PASSED IN HOURS. I WAS NEVER VERY SURE ABOUT FASTER  
THAN LIGHT TRAVEL. THE TIME SPEEDING UP AND SLOWING  
DOWN BIT WORRIED ME.



EVEN AS I STRUGGLED TO RECALL THE PHYSICS OF FTL TRAVEL, WE ARRIVED



WE'RE HERE, KAYN.

LOOK! THE HOSPITAL'S  
DRIFTING OUT OF ORBIT!







BUT CAN'T YOU FEEL SOMETHING?  
AN AIR OF MENACE?

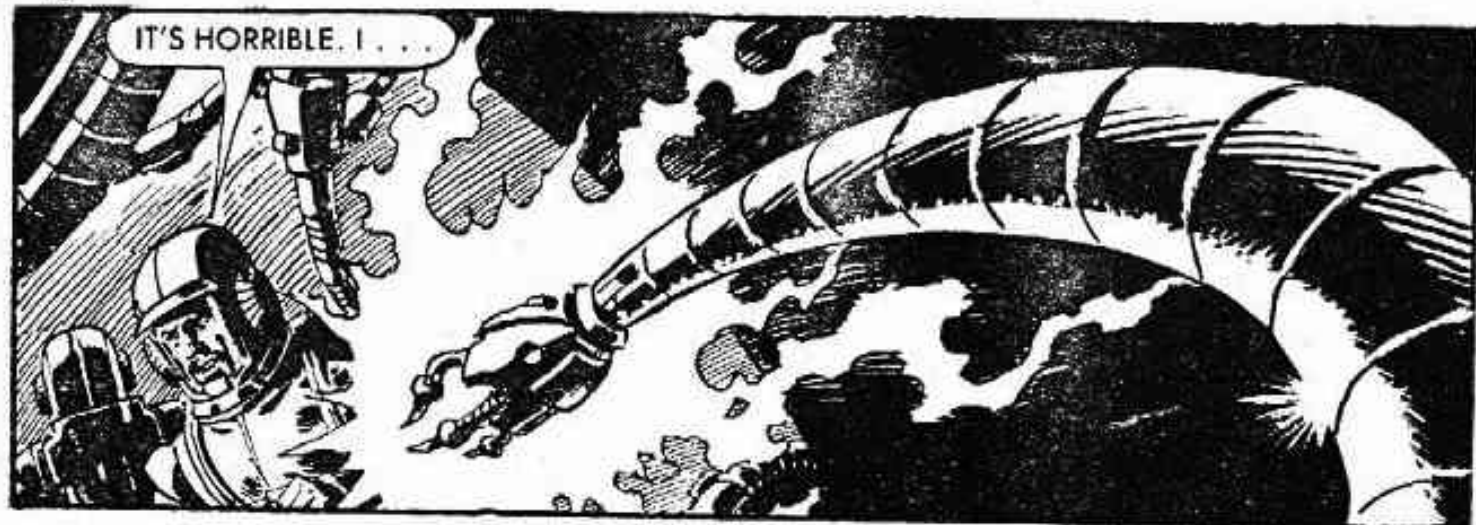
SEEMS DESERTED!

YEAH! THE WHOLE PLACE SEEMS  
TO HAVE GONE QUIETLY MAD.

IT'S THE MACHINES.  
HAVE YOU NOTICED?




















HE'S RUPTURED THE STATION WALL!  
HANG ON TO SOMETHING!

**NOOOOO**

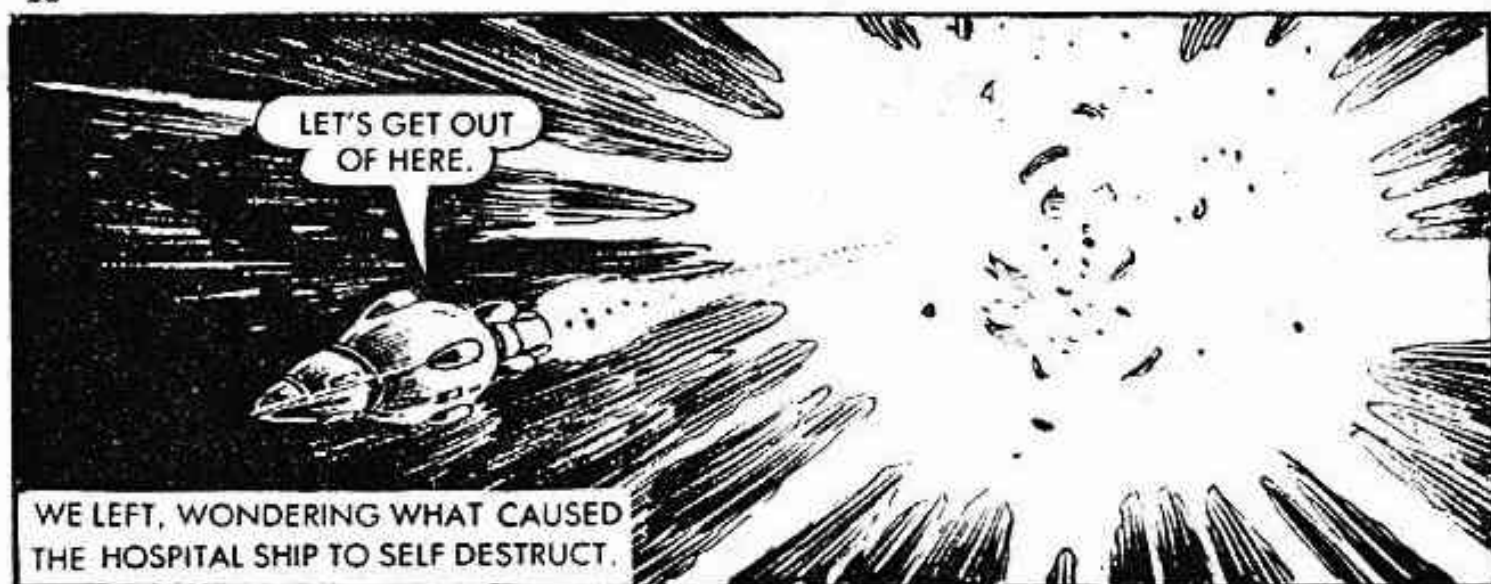
UNNGGH!

LOGAN DISAPPEARED THROUGH THE HOSPITAL WALL  
INTO SPACE.

HANG ON!







THE NEAREST ALLIANCE WORLD WAS SCANDIA . . .





CINNIBAR WAS A MINE OF INFORMATION. SHE'D SORT OF HUNG AROUND SINCE MY LAST CASE—



EVERY INDICATION POINTS TO AN OUTSIDE AGENCY CONTROLLING OR OVER-RIDING PRIME FUNCTIONS OF MACHINES. AS THE ORBITAL HOSPITAL WAS IN DEEP SPACE AND NO ACCOUNTED CRAFT WERE IN THE VICINITY, ASSUMPTION IS THAT WHATEVER CAUSES THE MACHINES TO TURN ROGUE IS TRANSMITTED, PROBABLY FROM A PLANET. CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS MAY NOT BE PROOF AGAINST ATTACK. KAYN . . . I COME TO HELP YOU!

NO CINNIBAR, YOU WON'T GET HERE IN TIME. I'LL GO WITH TALBOT.

. . . AND HER ENGLISH HAD IMPROVED.

TALBOT AND I HAD A CHAT AS WE WAITED IN THE SPACEPORT LOUNGE.

IT LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY LEAD WE HAVE IS THE HIGH ENERGY TRACE THAT ACCOMPANIES THESE MECHANICAL BREAKDOWNS.

I'VE GOT THE SHIP'S COMPUTER WORKING ON THAT RIGHT NOW, AND THE SHIP'S BEING REFUELLED NOW.






HALF A KILOMETRE AWAY, ROGUE CONSTRUCTION MACHINES WERE ON THE RAMPAGE —








WE'VE GOT TO GET OVER THERE.  
THIS HOVERSLIED SHOULD DO IT.

THE HOVERSLIED SPED OVER THE CARNAGE.

SUDDENLY A TRIPOD STRUCK, GRABBING THE SLED—

JUMP FOR IT!





IF WE CAN GET INSIDE MAYBE  
WE CAN STOP THIS THING.

BUT—

IT'S NO GOOD, KAYN, IT'S  
COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL.

WE'VE GOT  
TO TRY.

BUT IT WAS NO USE. THE TRIPOD'S  
MOVEMENTS SIMPLY GREW  
MORE FRENZIED.



UNTIL . . .

WE'RE FALLING!

HOLD ON!



ARE YOU OK, KAYN?

A FEW BRUISES! THIS IS  
THE CONSTRUCTION  
TEAM'S STORAGE  
WAREHOUSE, RIGHT?  
THEY MUST HAVE SOME  
CORRODEX!



CORRODEX!  
OF COURSE!



THE DESPERATE SEARCH  
CONTINUED, UNTIL . . .



LOADED AND READY TO GO!  
AND ONCE I GET THIS HOSE  
CONNECTED WE'RE IN  
BUSINESS!



AND . . .

GET READY, RAD!







. . . WHOSE FAVOURITE DIET WAS METAL!





THERE WAS NEWS . . . AND MORE—








SECTOR 235 WAS THE DESTINATION—





VERY PROBABLY. I'VE BEEN THINKING —  
WHAT IF WE'VE BEEN WRONG THESE PAST  
SIX MONTHS? WHAT IF THE HAROHIN  
AREN'T EXTINCT AFTER ALL . . . ?

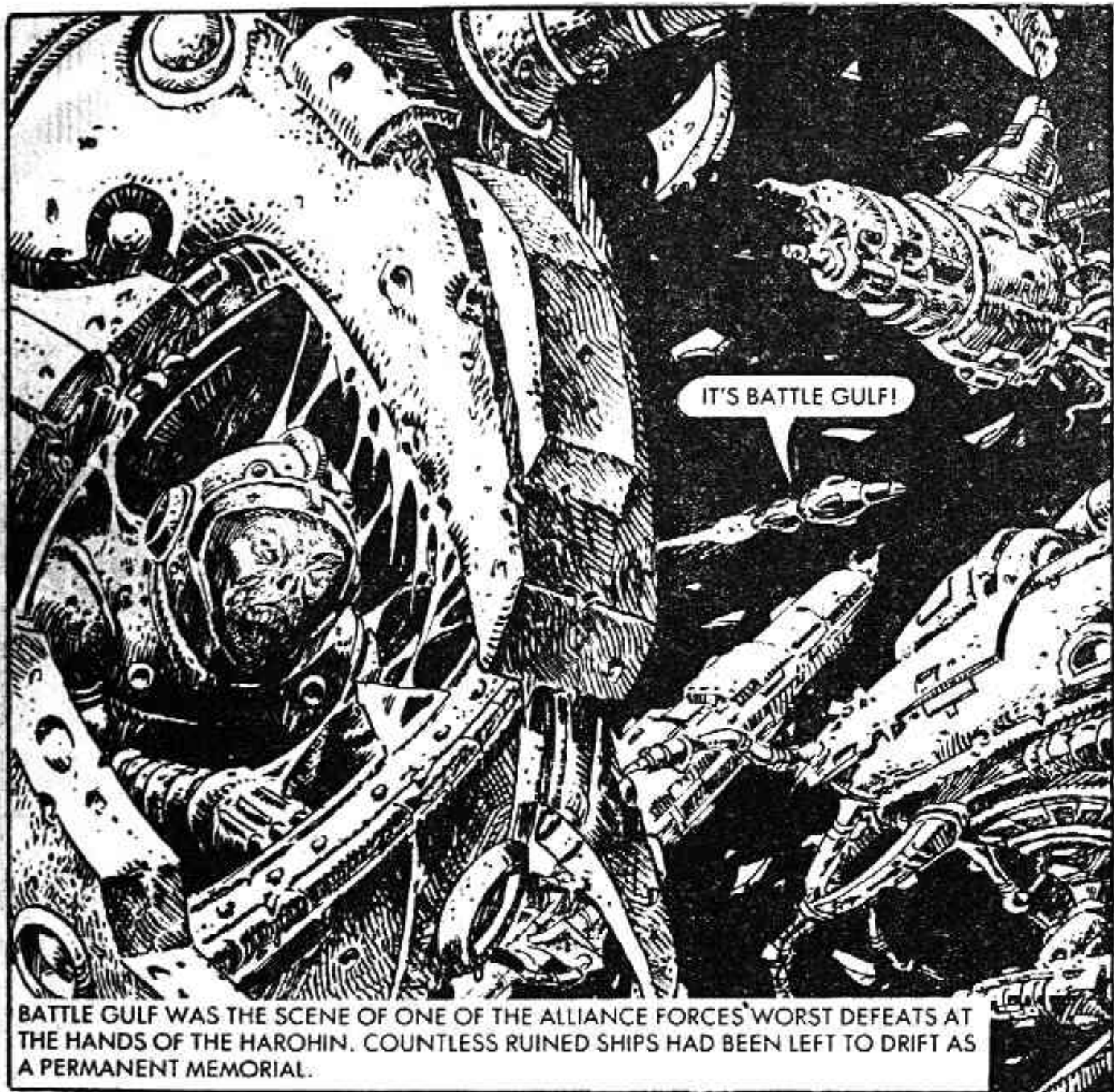
HAROHIN SCUM . . . IF THEY ARE NOT  
DEAD, THEN THE WRATH OF BABALON  
SHALL PLUCK THE LIFE FROM THEM.

YEAH! REMEMBER THE HAROHIN DID  
POSSESS LIMITED TELEKINETIC ABILITIES.  
THEY COULD MENTALLY MOVE  
INANIMATE SUBSTANCES OVER A SHORT  
RANGE. WE CALLED THEM  
MINDBENDERS.

BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE  
ENORMOUS ENERGIES AT WORK  
HERE. NO HAROHIN COULD DO  
WHAT WE'VE SEEN.

NO, I CAN'T FIGURE THAT OUT. BUT EACH PLACE  
THAT'S BEEN ATTACKED HAS BEEN KNOWN TO  
THE HAROHIN. AT LEAST THEY COULD HAVE  
KNOWN THAT THE PLANET WAS VIRTUALLY  
ROBOTIC.





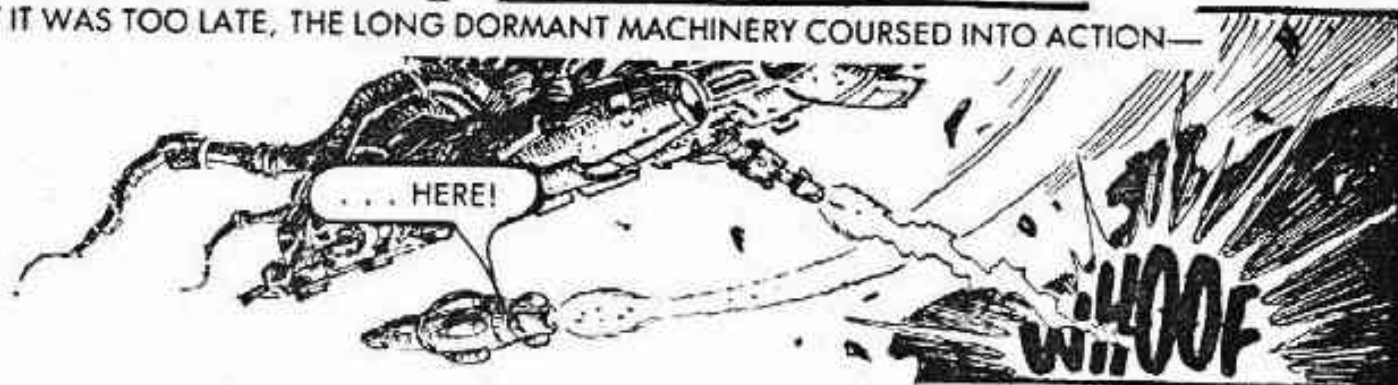
BATTLE GULF WAS THE SCENE OF ONE OF THE ALLIANCE FORCES' WORST DEFEATS AT THE HANDS OF THE HAROHIN. COUNTLESS RUINED SHIPS HAD BEEN LEFT TO DRIFT AS A PERMANENT MEMORIAL.



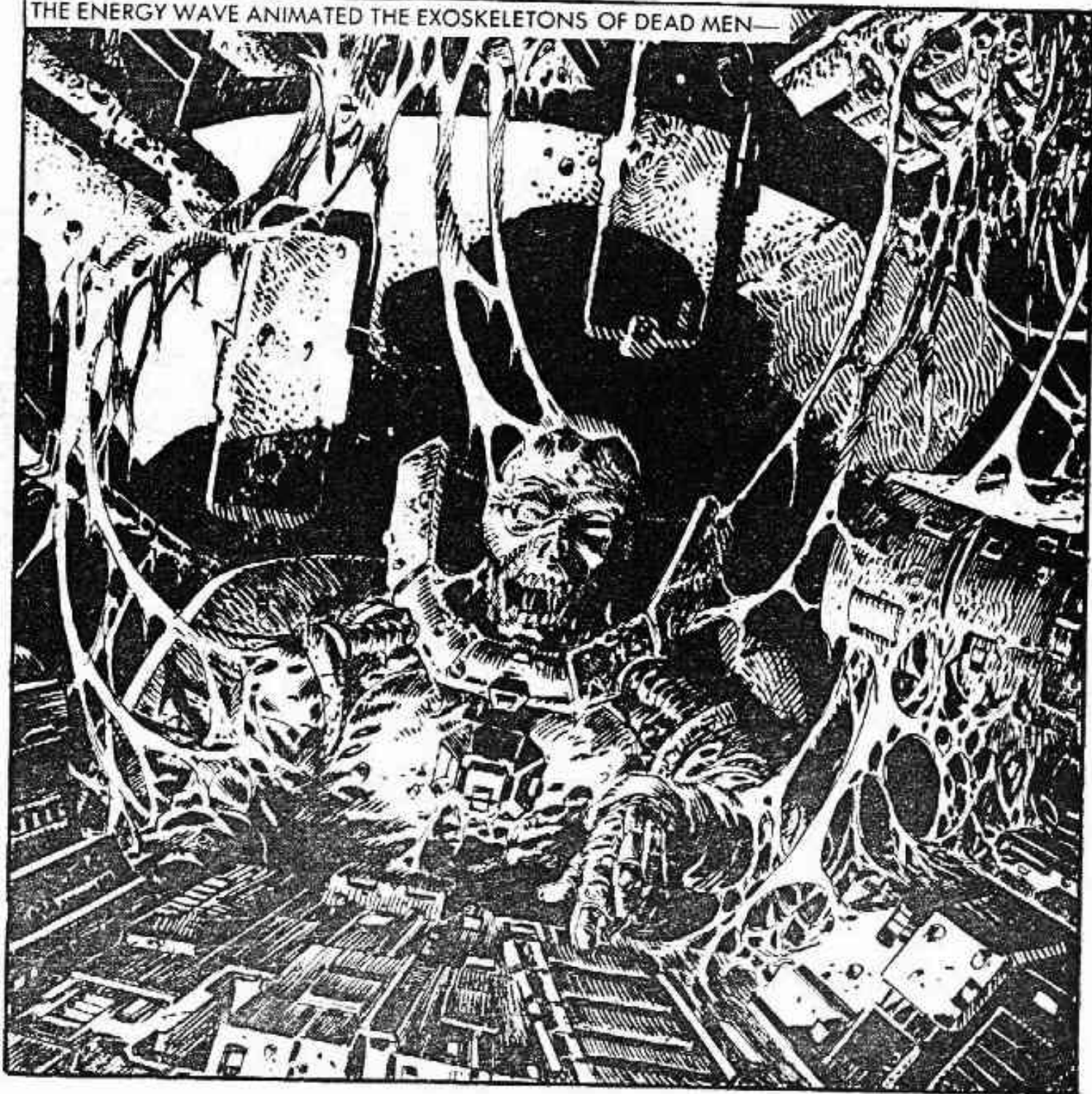
WEIRD ISN'T IT? I ALMOST  
KAYN! THE COMPUTER!

IT'S PICKED UP ANOTHER ENERGY  
WAVE! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF . . .

BUT IT WAS TOO LATE, THE LONG DORMANT MACHINERY COURSED INTO ACTION—



THE ENERGY WAVE ANIMATED THE EXOSKELETONS OF DEAD MEN—







HANG ON! WE'LL  
BLAST A WAY THROUGH!

THEY'RE COMING  
FROM ALL ANGLES!

DEAD MEAN FIGHT!  
THIS IS EVIL!



ANY DAMAGE?

SOME HULL MELTING, GUIDANCE  
SENSORS DAMAGED. WE'RE OK.

I FEEL THE AXE OF BABALON  
IS READY TO SING!

AND WE'RE  
ALMOST FREE!

WHAT KIND OF POWER  
COULD POSSIBLY DO THIS?

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO FIND OUT—

KAYN! ARE MY EYES  
PLAYING TRICKS?

I SEE IT! THAT PIECE OF  
DEBRIS SEEMS TO BE MELTING!



THE WRECKAGE SEEMED TO FLOW AND  
CONTRACT INTO THE UNMISTAKEABLE FEATURES  
OF A HAROHIN WARLORD—



BUT WHAT ARE THEY  
GOING TO DO?

THE COMPUTER! IT'S KEYING  
OUT A MESSAGE! EARTH . . .  
DIES . . . IN . . . FIVE . . .  
DAWNS . . .

RULF COULDN'T TAKE MUCH MORE AND SUITED UP TO DEAL WITH THINGS IN HIS OWN WAY—

LOOK OUT!



ONCE HE WAS BACK INSIDE—

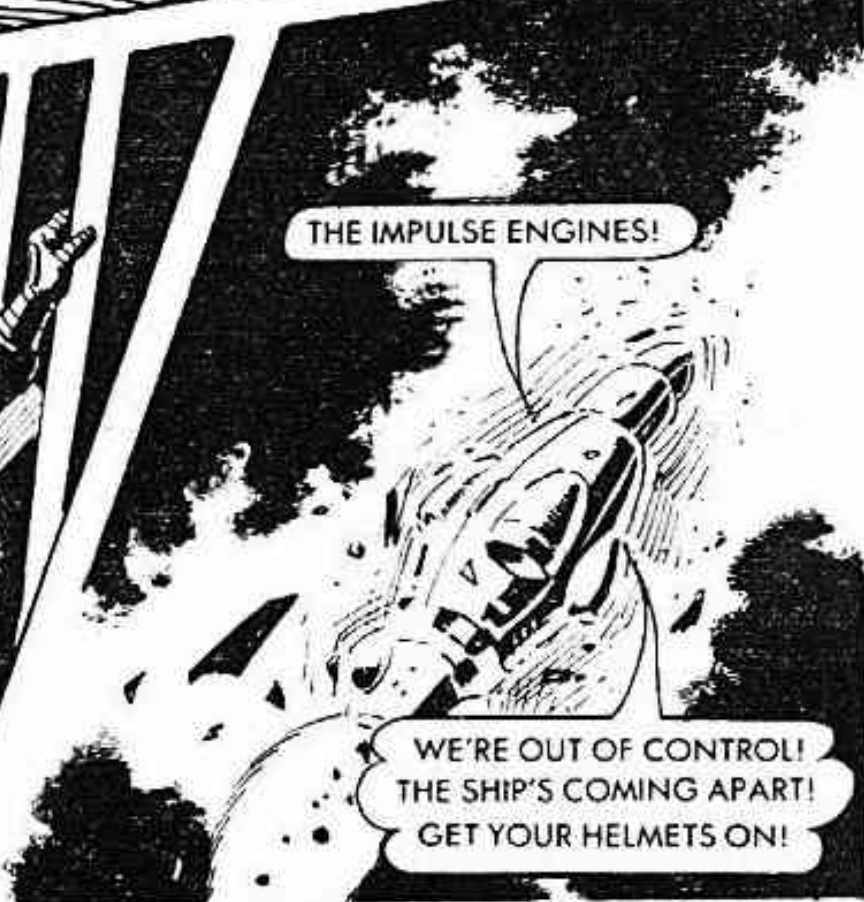
THE LIGHTS  
HAVE GONE.

CAN YOU HEAR THAT RUMBLING?  
SOMETHING'S ACTIVATED . . .



THE IMPULSE ENGINES!

WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!  
THE SHIP'S COMING APART!  
GET YOUR HELMETS ON!



IMPULSE ENGINES WERE DESIGNED FOR USE IN HYPER SPACE,  
AND WERE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS TO USE IN NORMAL SPACE.







UNLESS...

FIRING UPWARDS WAS THE ONLY CHANCE. A HOLE TORE IN THE SHIP'S HULL.

AS THE AIR RUSHED OUT OF THE RUPTURED HULL, WE WERE PULLED OUT INTO SPACE.

MADE IT!  
JUST IN TIME!

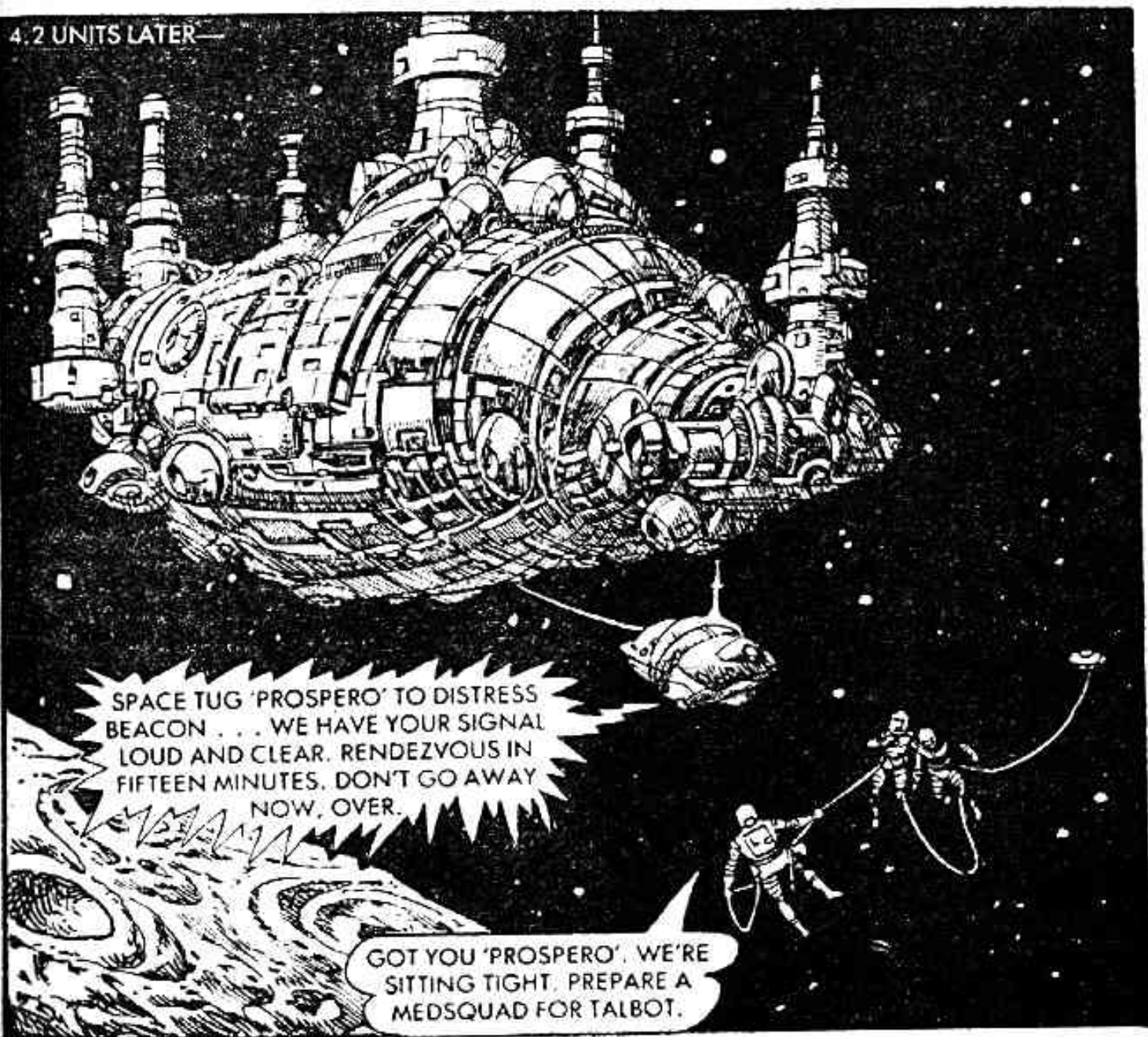




NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS ACTIVATE  
MY DISTRESS BEACON AND HOPE  
FOR THE BEST.

CATCH! WE MUST  
STAY TOGETHER.

4.2 UNITS LATER—



SPACE TUG 'PROSPERO' TO DISTRESS  
BEACON . . . WE HAVE YOUR SIGNAL  
LOUD AND CLEAR. RENDEZVOUS IN  
FIFTEEN MINUTES. DON'T GO AWAY  
NOW, OVER.

GOT YOU 'PROSPERO'. WE'RE  
SITTING TIGHT. PREPARE A  
MEDSQUAD FOR TALBOT.

NEXT DAY, BACK ON EARTH—

THIS HOLOGRAM OF THE PLANET SHAKTI  
OUGHT TO GIVE US AN IDEA OF THE BEST  
ATTACK ROUTES.

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I DON'T THINK  
THAT SENDING IN A TASK FORCE IS  
THE BEST IDEA.

THE HAROHIN CONTROL OVER MACHINERY  
IS JUST TOO POWERFUL. THE FLEET WOULD  
BE DETECTED AND DESTROYED BEFORE IT  
EVEN REACHED SHAKTI'S OUTER  
ATMOSPHERE.

BUT ONE SMALL SHIP WITH  
AS FEW SOPHISTICATIONS  
AS POSSIBLE MIGHT JUST  
GET THROUGH.

AND WHAT DO YOU  
INTEND TO DO . . . ?



THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF DIDN'T LIKE ME, BUT HE WAS DECENT ENOUGH TO SEE MY POINT—

IT MIGHT WORK, IT'S GOT TO WORK! WHO KNOWS WHERE THE HAROHIN MAY STRIKE NEXT, COMMANDER?

WELL . . . WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO RAID A MUSEUM FOR THE REQUIRED ITEMS BUT I THINK THE PLAN IS SOUND.

YOU REALISE, KAYN, THAT THIS IS VERY PROBABLY A SUICIDE MISSION?

WE'RE DEAD ANYWAY IF WE DO NOTHING!

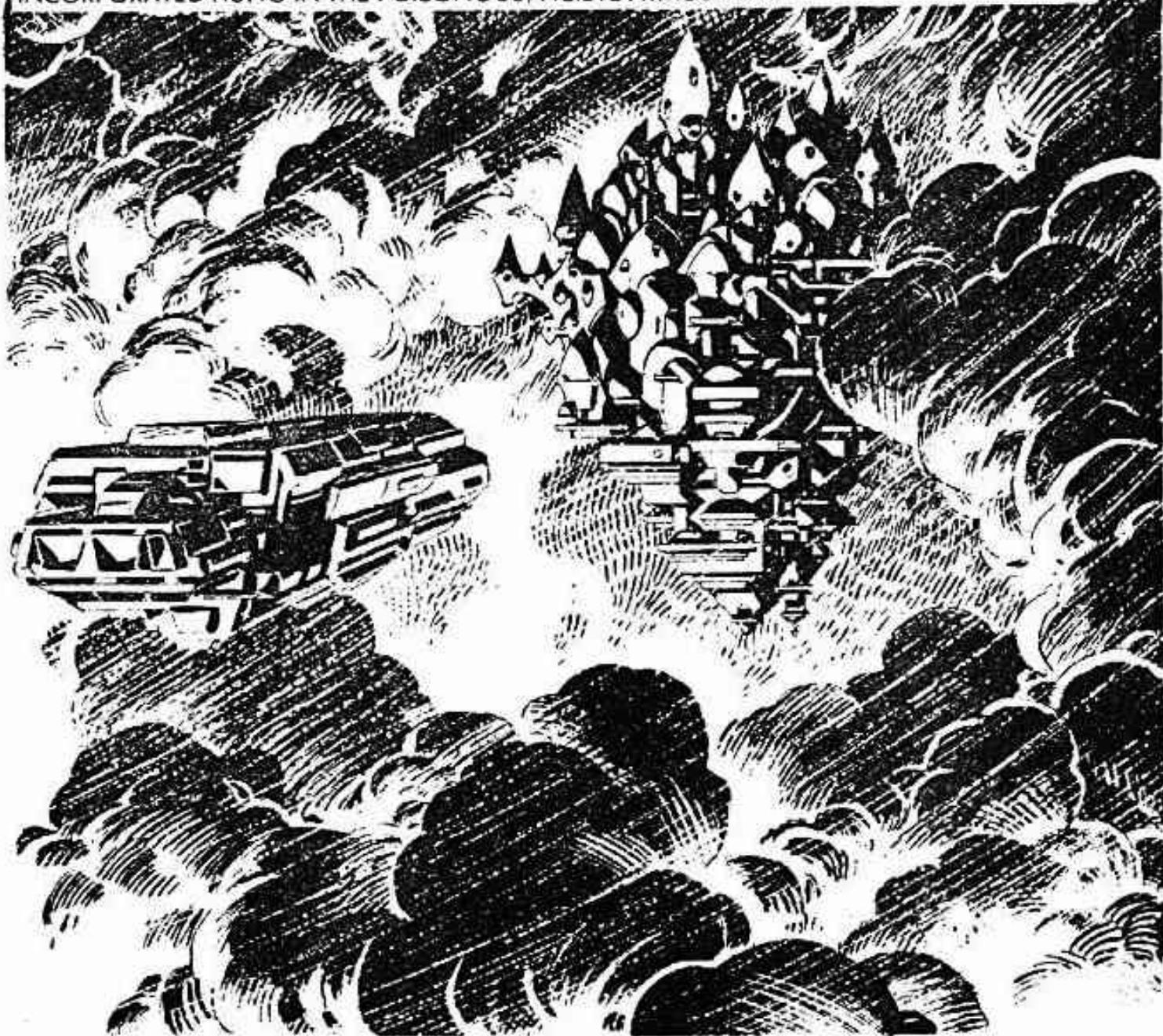
NEXT DAY

FIRST AN OLD HYDROGEN BOMB, NOW A SOLAR SCHOONER. WHAT'S GOING ON?

I'M COLLECTING FOR A CHARITY.



FIRST STOP WAS THE GIANT GAS WORLD PELION — WHERE THE SKY FACTORIES OF CYBESSET INCORPORATED HUNG IN THE POISONOUS, ACIDIC ATMOSPHERE.





THE PRIMITIVE CRAFT DOCKED —

AH, KAYN! GOOD TO SEE YOU!  
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?

NOT SINCE YOU LECTURED AT THE COLLEGE, PROFESSOR  
KLINE. TEN YEARS. SO, HAVE YOU GOT THIS WHOLE PLACE  
TO YOURSELF?

FOR NOW, YES! CYBESET HAVE VERY  
GRACIOUSLY ALLOWED ME TO MAKE USE OF  
THEIR ANDROIDS IN MY EXPERIMENTS.

HOW ARE THE EXPERIMENTS GOING?  
THAT'S REALLY WHY I'M HERE.



I'D GUESSED AS MUCH! MY MATTER TRANSMITTER CAN BREAK AN OBJECT DOWN INTO ITS CONSTITUENT ATOMS, BEAM IT ACROSS SPACE AND THEN RECONSTRUCT IT, BUT . . .

BUT?

BUT IT'S ONLY BEEN TESTED WITH ANDROID TISSUE. IT MAY NOT WORK WITH A HUMAN BEING. IT'S STILL DANGEROUS.

I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE RISK, PROFESSOR.

SO THIS IS THE RECEIVER?

WHILE KYAN AND KLINE TALKED, RULF FIXED HIS COLD EYES ON AN ANDROID.



SUDDENLY, AN ANDROID FIRED AT THE PROF—



I RAN, WHILE RULF'S AXE SANG—

CINNIBAR WARNED ME TO EXPECT  
STRANGE HAPPENINGS WITH  
YOU . . . BUT MY AXE IS HAPPILY  
SINGING.

GOT TO GET AWAY! WHAT  
A CRAZY WAY TO DIE!

THERE ARE  
MANY OF THEM!

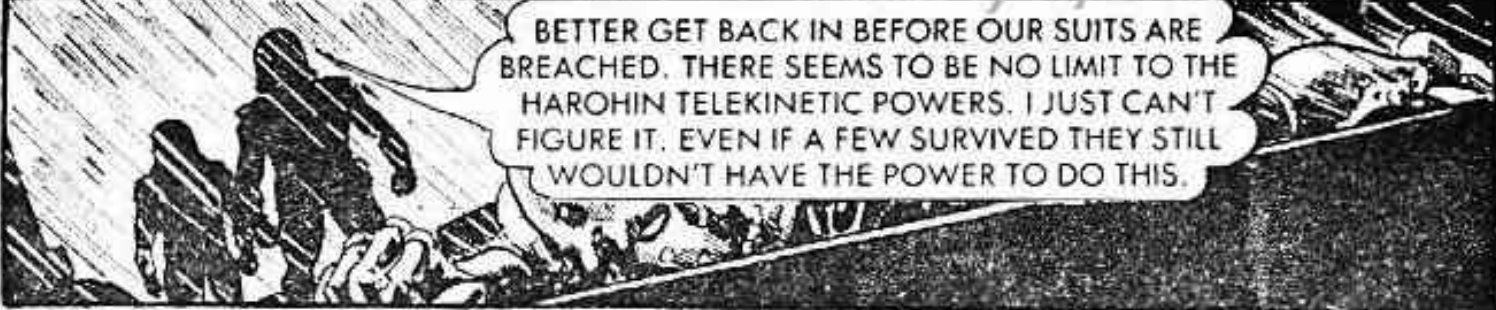













BETTER GET BACK IN BEFORE OUR SUITS ARE BREACHED. THERE SEEMS TO BE NO LIMIT TO THE HAROHIN TELEKINETIC POWERS. I JUST CAN'T FIGURE IT. EVEN IF A FEW SURVIVED THEY STILL WOULDN'T HAVE THE POWER TO DO THIS.

I WAS STILL PONDERING WHEN WE BLASTED FOR SHAKTI.



WHILE THE SHIP'S ON AUTOMATIC PILOT I CAN FIT THE MATTER RECEIVER INTO THE SOLAR SCHOONER.

THE FIRST PART OF MY LUNATIC PLAN WAS PUT INTO ACTION, AND THE SOLAR SCHOONER WAS RELEASED INTO ORBIT ABOVE SHAKTI.



THEN THE HYDROGEN BOMB WAS PRIMED AND WE ENTERED THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE.





I PRIMED A DETONATOR WHICH  
ACTUALLY STOPPED THE BOMB  
GOING OFF.

THAT'S THE BOMB AWAY!  
THERE'S NO GOING BACK NOW.

NOW I . . . HUH? SOMETHING'S  
TAKEN CONTROL OF THE SHIP!

THIS IS IT, KAYN —  
THE RECKONING!

THE SHIP WAS DRAGGED DOWN.


AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE FINALLY  
GOING TO MEET THAT 'SOMETHING'.



ONCE LANDED



WELCOME, EARTHMAN!



SLETHAR, THE LAST OF THE HAROHIN  
OFFERS GREETINGS TO THE DESTROYER  
OF OUR RACE!





ONLY ONE OF YOU?  
BUT HOW . . . ?

YESSS . . . ONLY ONE.  
BUT WE ARE LEGION!

A DEVICE IMPLANTED IN MY BRAIN HAS THE ENTIRE  
MENTAL POWER OF OUR DOOMED RACE. I WAS  
CHOSEN TO BE THE INSTRUMENT OF REVENGE. I CAN  
TRANSMIT A POWER SO GREAT THAT MACHINERY IS  
UNDER MY CONTROL.





OUR COMBINED TELEKINETIC STRENGTH CAN REACH ACROSS THE HEAVENS! OUR REVENGE IS ALMOST COMPLETE. WITNESS OUR POWER! POWER ENOUGH TO TEAR YOUR EARTH'S MOON FROM ITS ORBIT AND SEND IT PLUNGING UPON ITS MOTHER WORLD!

AND POWER ENOUGH TO TURN YOUR ONLY ESCAPE INTO THE MEANS OF YOUR DEATH!

IN AN INSTANT,  
OUR CRAFT DISAPPEARED—





AS RULF POISED HIMSELF TO KILL  
THE HAROHIN, MY BLASTER  
FELL UNDER SLETHAR'S  
CONTROL . . .



... AND IT WAS FIRED.


AAARGH!

THE TELEKINETIC POWER REQUIRED ENORMOUS CONCENTRATION AND TEMPORARILY EXHAUSTED, SLETHAR ALLOWED HIS VIGILANCE TO DROP—

THAT AXE ISN'T MECHANICAL . . .  
IF I COULD REACH IT.







NOW, SLETHAR

FOOL! SUCH PUNY WEAPONS  
ARE NO MATCH FOR MY POWERS







THAT'S NO GOOD TO  
ME — HERE!

ANOTHER PUNY WEAPON . . .

SLETHAR DESTROYED THE DETONATOR



WHICH WAS WHAT I'D HOPED HE'D DO . . .

... Y'SEE, ONCE THE DETONATOR WAS SWITCHED OFF, OR DESTROYED, THE BOMB WENT OFF.

WHAT!! YOU ARE CLEVER EARTHMAN, BUT BEFORE I AM DESTROYED I SHALL CONCENTRATE MY ENERGIES ON THE DESTRUCTION OF TERRA.

NOT IF I KILL YOU FIRST ...

ANOTHER CRAZY IDEA HIT ME, AND I THREW MY LASER.

FOOL! YOU HAVE THROWN AWAY YOUR LAST CHANCE!

SLETHAR USED HIS POWER TO CONTROL THE SWORD'S FLIGHT AND TURN IT.

I SHALL GUIDE YOUR OWN SWORD RIGHT INTO YOUR HEART!

I HOPED YOU'D DO THAT!



I GRABBED SLETHAR—

IF THAT SWORD IS GOING  
TO HIT ME . . .

THE SWORD  
PLUNGED INTO  
SLETHAR'S BACK.

RAHH

IT'S GOING TO GET  
YOU FIRST!

RULF WASN'T HURT . . . WELL, HIS PRIDE WAS . . . AND AS THE HYDROGEN IN THE ATMOSPHERE BEGAN TO BURN, THE FINAL ACT OF OUR LITTLE PLAY BEGAN.

RULF, ACTIVATE THE MATTER TRANSMITTER.

ON YOUR WAIST . . . DONE.

IT WAS PRETTY PAINFUL . . .

. . . BUT AS LEAST THE CO-ORDINATES WERE RIGHT.

WORKS! HUH? IT HAS! WE MADE IT!

WE LANDED ON THE FLIGHTDECK OF THE SOLAR SCHOONER, WHICH BEING UNMECHANICAL WAS UNAFFECTED BY SLETHAR'S MINDBENDER POWERS.



IT WAS ALL OVER FOR THE HAROHIN, AS SHAKTI,  
CONSUMED IN FIRE, BECAME A SMALL SUN.



ANY OTHER SHIP WOULD BE DESTROYED BY  
THE SHOCK WAVE FROM THOSE  
EXPLOSIONS, BUT THE SOLAR SCHOONER  
IS POWERED BY LIGHT PARTICLES . . .



SO YOU SUCCEEDED!

WE SUCCEEDED, RULF . . .  
WE SUCCEEDED.





THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME FROM  
THAT HELL FIRE . . . BY THE WAY,  
YOU OWE ME AN AXE.

NO SWEAT, RULF! I'LL GET YOU ONE  
THAT DANCES AS WELL AS SINGS.

DON'T SAY I'M GOING TO  
HAVE HIM HANGING AROUND  
AS WELL AS HIS SISTER.

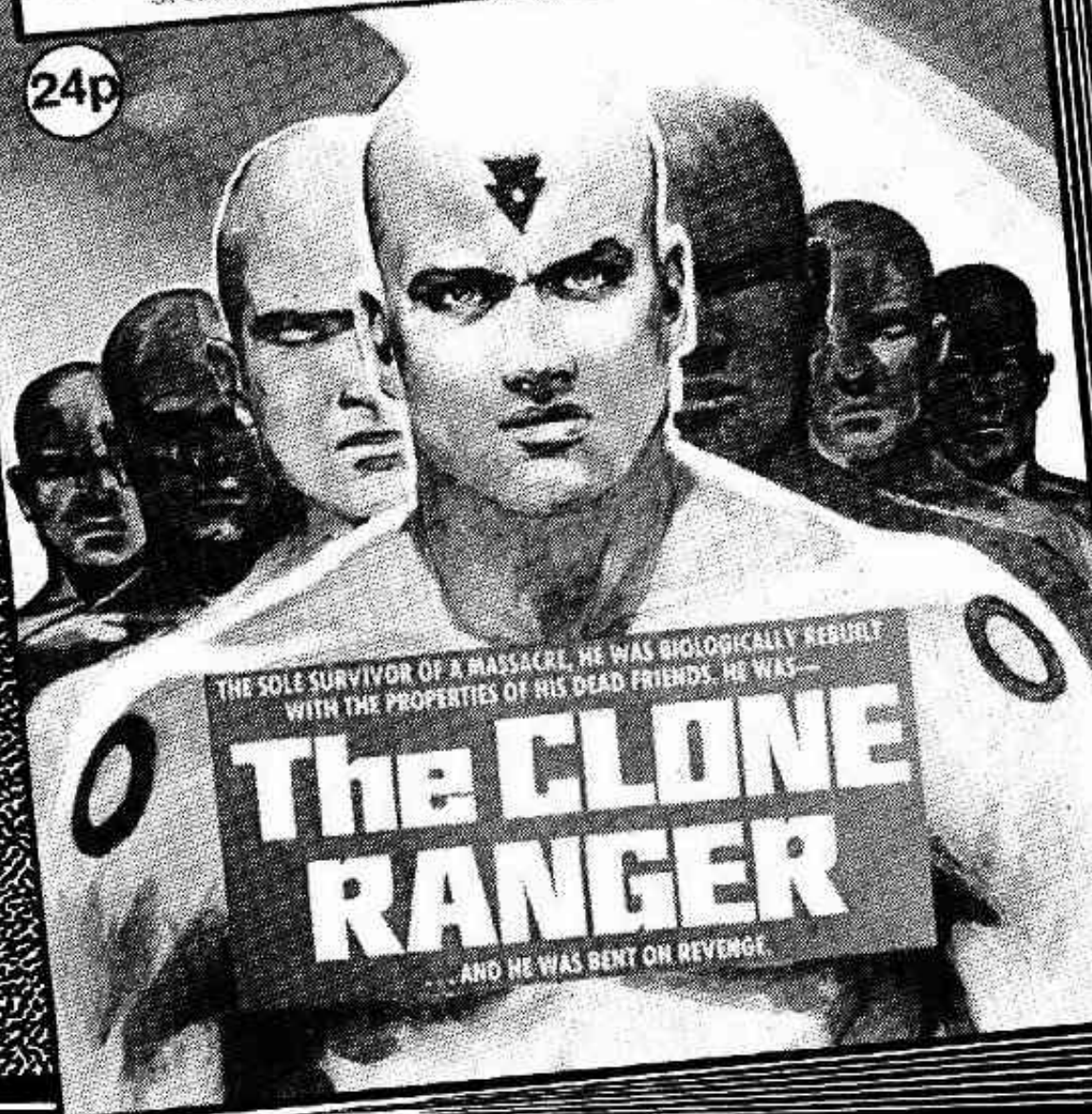


**DON'T FORGET THIS  
MONTH'S *OTHER***

# STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 150

24p



**On sale at your newsagent's *NOW!***

# THE FUTURE IS CHANGING...

IN THE 22ND  
CENTURY THE STRLAT  
OF WAR WAS DEALT  
WITH BY A SERIES OF  
RIGIDLY ENFORCED  
RULES, CALLED  
SANCTIONS.

THE FIRST SANCTION  
WAS NEGOTIATION.  
A REFUSAL TO  
NEGOTIATE LED TO THE  
SECOND SANCTION -  
AN ORDER TO  
SURRENDER.

FAILURE TO DO SO  
MEANT INSTANT  
ELIMINATION - THE  
FINAL SANCTION.

DURING A SANCTION  
MISSION, COMMODORE  
WOLF GALL OF THE  
EARTH DEFENCE FORCE  
UNEARDED A WEB OF  
DECEIT THAT  
STRETCHED ALL THE  
WAY BACK TO TERRAN  
H.I. KNOWLEDGE THAT  
CONDEMNED HIM TO  
DEATH.



**BE SURE YOU CAN CHANGE WITH IT.  
ORDER NEXT MONTH'S NEW LOOK**

**STARBLAZER**

**NOW NOW NOW**